## THE GARLAND.

SILENT WORSHIP.

The morning was a summer one—the bougks. Of the green trees were lifted to the wind,—The soft south wind, that wandered over earth, Touching the long grass and the quiet streams. With a light wing, as fearing to disturb The sanctity of worship.

One by one,

The multitudes hed gathered, in the deep And bowing sense of men's unworthiness. Slowly and quietly they came—the young, And the gray man,—the modest glancing girl, And the staid gravity of riper years, Like noiseless shadows, stealing to their seals. As the last footstep passed away, the briezze, With its light tones, was audible alone, Stirring the willows which e'erhung the dead, And whispering to the grave-stones.

Motionless,
That congregation worshipped. Silence lay, Like a strange presence on the very heart, Which, gathering nothing from the outward world Of sight, or wound, or any thing which makes Man's sacrifice a moskery, had turned Deeply upon itself. The human heart Hath a most complex fashioning. The ties Which hiad it to the circumstance of earth, And its estange yearning for a bappiness. Drawn from materiet mockeries, are strong As the soul's master passion. It would gain Reselements of happiness and love From untural creations, and contrive To bload the heartless vanity of mas With the pure fountain of religious truth.

And vanity are things to be cast off,
Like an unseemly garment, from the heart
That boweth unto God, and giveth up
Its stubborn will and earthward tendencies,
For the mild teachings and deep solaces
Of the all-quickening Spirit; and the light
Which cometh unto all—a living beam—
An emanation from the Eternal Mind,
Hath a more blessed influence on the heart
That turneth from the world, and gathers in
Its wandering affections, and subdues
Be vehemence of passion, and in meek
And chartened reverence, awaits the time
Of Him, who bids the worshipper be still
And know that he is God.

LINES,

Written by the late Han. Henry Emerica, after his retirement from Public Life.

Let sparks and topers o'er their bottle sit,
Tose humpers down, and fancy laughter wit;
Let cautions pledders o'er the ledger pore,
Note down each farthing gain'd, and wish it more;
Let lawyers dream of wigs,—peets, of fame,—
Scholers look learned, and senators declaim:
Let soldlers stand like targets in the fray.
Their lives just worth their thirtsen peace a-day:—
Give me a nock in some secluded spot
Which business shams, and din approaches not,—
Some quiet retreat, where I may never know
What monarch reigns, what ministers bestow.
A beak—my slippers—and a field to stroll in—
My garden-sent—an elbow-chair to loll in;
Snahine when wasted—shade when shade invites;
With pleasant country stands, and smelle, & sights;
And, now and then, a glass of generous wine,
Shared with a chality firend of "and lang syne;"
And one companion more, for over nigh,
To sympathize is all that passes by—
To jeurney with me on the path of life,
And share its pleasures, and divide its strife.
These simple joys, Eugenius let me find,
And I'll ne'er cast a lingering look behind."

## THE MISCHLAMIST.

Mangale for Methods during his name and mangale for production of most of the composition of the set of the composition of the

said of a favourable author, one passage, of holy ty and truth, from the 'Evening in Furnace Abbe.

"The day goes by
On which our noul's beloved dies! The day
On which the body of the dead is stretch'd
By hands that deck'd it when alive; the day
On which the dead is shrouded; and the day
Of burial—one and all pass by! The grave
Grows green ere long; the churchyard seems a;
Of pleasant rest; and all the cottages.
That keep for ever sending funerals
Within its gates, look cheerful every one,
As if the dwellers therein never died,
And this earth slumbered in perpetual peace.
For every nort of suffering there is sleep
Provided by a gracious Providence,
Sava that of sin. We must at first endure
The simple woe of knowing tievy are dead,
A soul-sick woe in which no comfort is,
And wish we were beside them in the dust?
That singuish dire cannot enstain itself;
But settles down into a grief that loves
And finds relief in unreproved tears.
Then cometh corrow like a Sabbath! Heaved
Sends resignation down, and faith; and List
Of all there falls a kind oblivion
Over the going out of that sweet light.
In which we had our being; and the wretch,
Widow'd and childlers, taughs in his old age,
Laughs and is merry even among the tombs
Of all his kindred! Say not that the dead
Are unforgotten in their graves! For all
Beneath the sun and thoon is transitory;
And saccad sorrow like a shadow flies,
As unsubstantial as the happiness
Whose loss we vainly wept!"

SAINT JOHN, TUESDAY DECEMBER 8, 1829.

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And ascral sorrow like a shadow files,

From the Edisburgh Working Jaurnal.

Mackwoop's represent make make the policy of the service of the

de side the clabic lyres of Scott, More, or Rogers—lone of many an artiseratic hard of considerable inland. Porcherer, Morpoth Messrs. Phipps, Liddell, Lyster, Lattrel, and Kepsell. We have Lawrence for our yandyke and Canato, and Sauderi, and Irelic, each worth of any the saw the host of their immercialization. We have the above of their immercialization. We have the superior of their immercialization. We have the superior of their immercialization. We have the superior of their immercialization with the planet of their immercialization. We have the superior of their immercialization. We have the superior of their immercialization. We have the superior of their immercialization with the superior of their immercialization. We have the superior of their immercialization with the superior of their immercialization. We have the superior of their superior of the superior of their superior of their superior of the superior of their superior of their superior of the superior of their superior of the superior of their superior of the s